

WEAR TALISMANS.

A HABIT BY NO MEANS UNKNOWN IN POLITE SOCIETY.

Well Known Persons in Washington Who Have Rabbits' Feet and Other Charms. A Curious Story That Was Taken Out of a Camel's Foot in Sahara.

A fancy for the possession and conspicuous carrying about of trinkets of various kinds supposed to endow the possessor with good luck, or at least with immunity from bad luck, is far more general than the world at large has any idea of. There is hardly a person living who has not some pet superstition, and it is somewhat of an enigma why the people are so afraid or ashamed to acknowledge it. Unconsciously, even to ourselves, we have imbibed superstition from earliest childhood until it has become an established part of our being. The popular idea that sailors and sportsmen are the only ones who abound with superstitions is not by any means the truth. This feeling also has its abiding place in the strongholds of Washington's society. Indeed, it exists there in quite as marked degree as anywhere in this country. It is a universal failing.

When the president and Mrs. Cleveland were in the first flush of their honeymoon, there came to them from some unknown donor, carefully packed in a little box, sent through the express, a rabbit's foot. This, the sender stated, was to be carried either by the president or Mrs. Cleveland carefully in a compartment of the pocketbook. This fashion of carrying a rabbit's foot in the pocketbook is very prevalent. Few of the society women of Washington are without at least one rabbit's foot, while some have quite an array to use in case one should inadvertently be lost. It may be added for the benefit of the uninitiated that to insure the most perfect luck this rabbit from which the foot is taken should have been killed in a graveyard in the dark of the moon.

Another talisman which Mrs. Cleveland received about a year since was in the form of a tiny Eskimo doll, presented by the Eskimo child who came to Washington and was given an audience one morning in the blue room of the White House, where the cabinet took part in the amusing entertainment afforded by the child and its elders. This little image, an exact miniature of an Eskimo in native costume, could readily be held on the palm of the hand, and was given Mrs. Cleveland to carry in a purse procured for that purpose, and was supposed to impart all manner of benefits as well as immunity from harm of every nature.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has a fancy for carrying in her purse a tiny metal figure of St. Joseph and the Child, given her by one of her Washington friends. The superstition in this case is that the person who carries in the purse one of these figures will never be without money. It would hardly seem likely, even if the little St. Joseph were left out of Mrs. Stanford's purse, that she would be at any time without funds.

One of the most gossamer of the superstitious entertained by Washington women is that one of the west end residents carries in her purse a tiny bit of rope with which Gaius was hanged. This is always taken with her to poker parties, and is believed to cast a cloud of luck about the possessor and insure success at cards.

Mr. Beriah Wilkins has a pet superstition in regard to the name Emma—his wife's name. When he goes to a horse race, if there is a horse running under that title, he will lay a wager on it sooner than upon any of the well known favorites. The reason is as follows: When he was a young man and first became engaged, he attended a horse race. On the list was a peculiarly unknown horse billed to run under the name Emma, which especially interested him as being that of his sweetheart. The horse won, and from that time forth Mr. Wilkins has held to his bit of superstition in regard to his wife's name.

In like manner Senator Calvin S. Eriks has a pet superstition in regard to a solid gold scorpion which he wears almost continuously. This is in the design of an open side with a watchdog chained to one side, and is emblematical in some way of the first important railroad deals in which he enmeshed the New York magnates.

Mrs. Stewart, niece of the late General Hunter, who some years since left Washington to make her home with one of her married daughters at Colorado Springs, carries in her purse the first coin made of the first bit of gold taken from the mines at Cripple Creek.

One of the most curious talismans possessed by a Washingtonian is that now worn by a man well known in fashionable life. This is a ring of the oddest design and appearance. It was presented to him by his wife on their wedding day. In the wife's family it has been a talisman for three generations, having been first worn by her great grandfather and then in succession by her grandfather and father. The stone with which it is set was taken from the foot of a camel while a party of travelers were crossing the desert of Sahara. The stone, though quite small, is exquisitely cut with a multiplicity of facets. Among these is a chariot drawn by six horses, a full moon and a chandelier apparently in the act of crowing. A few years since this ring was loaned to a person supposed to be imbued with second sight for interpretation. This was given to the effect that it had originally been the property of one of the favorite wives of the earlier pharaohs. It had been buried with her in one of the catacombs, from which it had been exhumed and removed by a later pharaoh, who had subsequently lost it in crossing the desert; then, in some inexplicable way, after the lapse of centuries, had become imbedded in the foot of a camel treading those same shifting sands. Throwing the owner never allows to leave his finger day or night. —Philadelphia Press.

The Dog Remembered the Joke.

A well known physician in one of the suburbs is the proud owner of a dog that is almost human and has in his make up a strain of humor that no Englishman can boast of. The canine is just 8 years of age. The first four years of his life were spent under the care of a young man who worked for the doctor, and who had a penchant for teasing the dog on all occasions. The young fellow was an excellent mimic of animal sounds, and whenever he could catch the dog asleep he would creep up behind him and bark loudly in his ear. The dog invariably woke with a start and would jump out of the door or window in a fifty or turn to defend himself.

After four years of such misery the dog saw the young man leave the employ of the physician, but recently he returned and was again given his old position. When he entered the house, the dog was lying on the floor. The young man greeted him, but Mr. Canine did not notice the salutation. He did, however, take in the situation at a glance. A few hours afterward the young man lay down by an open window for a short nap. Presently the people in the house noticed the dog getting up from his resting place and make his way toward the young fellow. Everybody silently awaited developments, holding themselves in readiness in case the dog made any attempt to bite the man. But he did nothing of the kind. Only his sense of humor came into play. Creeping up to the sleeping man, he placed his mouth close to the ear of the sleeper and barked loudly. The man, upon hearing the sound, was so frightened that he leaped out of the window and fell into a tub of water beneath. The joke was so good that the doctor has been deluged with letters for the dog, but his valuation has so greatly increased that it would take a pretty good figure to get him. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Taking the Risk.

The question which appears to have been most frequently asked while the shock of the massacres lasted was whether it was right to imperil the lives and honor of men and women in such dangerous enterprises. It is this question which I propose to deal with. In doing so let me dismise for a moment all rhetorical methods and even the direct and obvious religious rejoinder in meeting this question. From this standpoint missionary work must be treated on the same principles as those on which any other enterprises are treated. No doubt it is horrible to read of massacres and outrages, and all reasonable cure should be taken not to provoke them. But to abandon an enterprise because certain risks attach to it is quite another matter. The objection that men and women ought not to be exposed to certain perils is really part of a much larger question. How far are risks lawful in any enterprise? Will any one hold that only safe enterprises are to be undertaken? As we ask the question we provoke a smile, for there are hardly such things as enterprises devoid of risk. Enterprise usually involves risk. No progress of any kind is possible without it. If immunity from danger had been made a condition of enterprise, the development of civilization would have been arrested long ago. America had never been discovered. Australia had never been colonized. Neither the Suez canal nor the Forth bridge had ever been constructed. Balloons, ships and steamers would never have been known. Science would have been a pygmy instead of a giant. The healing art would still have been in the hands of charlatans. In proportion as we applaud the heroes of science and discovery we admit the principle that certain enterprises justify certain risks. —Saturday Review.

Grade Hunting.

Certainly one can scarcely consider it an elevating form of sport—too often it is lowering for the giraffe, as well as for horse and rider—for it calls forth neither endurance, courage nor extraordinary skill on the part of the hunter. Practically speaking, if he has a good horse which he can stick to, and can hit a haystack, there is not the slightest reason why he should not count his skin giraffe by the score. At the same time, it is not to be denied that there is something wonderfully fascinating and keenly exciting in a flying race on a good horse after a troop of these animals. The country through which the chase leads, the wonderful effect caused by the great stretching, swaying troop in front of one, the feeling of exultation inseparable from a stiff gallop on a good mount, all combine to render attractive that which comes perilously near to deserving a very different name.

It is certain that all the interest of the sport is centered in the run, for when once the giraffe is brought to a stand nothing but honest pity can be felt for its beautiful, stately helplessness. No one with any real English heart in him will pretend that he derives from the fall of one of these great humiliated creatures the same amount of satisfaction afforded by the death of a lion or a buffalo. But all our horses cannot be buffalo, nor our foxes lions, so it is not well to set up too high a standard. To those who enjoy an exciting race on a good horse over rough country, giraffe hunting offers great, almost unequalled, attractions. The only question is whether the feeling of pity for its resultant death does not outweigh the previous short lived pleasure. It is so easy to take life, so impossible to restore it by endless regrets. —Kirby.

Of Course.

The mail matter handled in a day in a single postoffice in this country averages 2,000,000 pieces, but the man whose letter goes astray is just as mad as if his was the only piece in the hands of the government. —New York (Conn.) Palladium.

Columbus' Example.

Columbus made the egg stand, and now many of his fellow countrymen are devoting themselves to making the peanut stand. —Philadelphia Record.

BOMBHELL'S BRAVE DEED.

The Dog Saved Two Little Children From Serious Danger.

While a gun was being loaded Bombshell would sit on the parapet and watch the operation. That finished, he would jump up and look out to sea over the range and then scamper down from the parapet and follow us into the bombproof.

As usual, Bombshell was on hand to see the test of the new big gun. He superintended the loading, and while I was aiming the gun he looked over the range as carefully as did the lookout, and from his air of responsibility one might have supposed that to him had been intrusted the duty of seeing that the range was clear.

But when we started for the bombproof, instead of following us, as was his custom, Bombshell remained on the parapet, looking out to sea and sniffling the air. In a moment he dashed off through the bushes which covered the narrow bench between the parapet and the sea.

Though thinking his actions peculiar, I was sure that he would not remain in front of the gun because he had done so once when quite young and inexperienced, and the burning grains of powder, which are always thrown out by the blast of a gun, had buried themselves in his skin, burning him badly. He had never forgotten this.

Certain that he would take care of himself, I paid no further attention to him, but went with the others into the bombproof and took my place by the electric key ready to fire at the command of the captain.

Just as the command "Fire!" was about to be given Bombshell reappeared on the parapet and began to bark furiously into the very muzzle of the gun.

I called to him, but he would not come. Anxious at the delay of the test, I tried to catch him, but could not do so. As I approached he retreated, still barking and apparently urging me to follow him.

Finally, convinced from the dog's actions that something was wrong, the electric wire was disconnected from the gun, and I followed Bombshell. Waggling his tail with joy at having accomplished his object, he led me through the underbrush to the beach.

There, concealed behind a clump of bushes, were two little children quietly digging in the sand and entirely unconscious of the danger in which they had been. —Lieutenant John C. W. Brooks in St. Nicholas.

The Gulf Stream.

Remarking upon some of the geographical charts now available to the student of physical science, it is pointed out by a writer that elsewhere in the world there is not so majestic a flow of water as the gulf stream, a remarkable body having its headquarters in the gulf of Mexico, from whence flowing northwesterly along the shores of the United States to the banks of Newfoundland. Then, rushing across the Atlantic ocean to the British isles, it is divided into two currents, one flowing northward to the Atlantic ocean, the other southward to the Azores, and the velocity of this immense flow being also more rapid than that of the Mississippi at 100 miles above its mouth. Phenomenal, too, is the fact that, although its bed and banks are cold water, yet the vast stream is very warm, and so great is the absence of affinity or continuity between these waters that their line of junction is distinctly visible to the eye. Further, the waters of this wonderful stream do not in any part of their course touch the bottom of the sea. They are deflected at the bottom and sides by what has been termed a trough of cold water, one of the most nonconformities. Consequently very little heat is lost, and the warm water is carried through the sides of miles, losing only four degrees of heat on the journey from the gulf of Mexico to the British isles.

The Stage.

I believe that if a pastor of a fashionable church were to denounce any particular play as positively immoral it would very soon disappear from the stage. A very large percentage of the ordinary playgoers are communicants of the churches, and a well considered condemnation of a play would certainly injure its popularity. "Christian people" would not think it "respectable" to sit through a play which had been condemned by their spiritual pastors. All that is needed is a little more ministerial courage with regard to the stage, and it will very soon be seen that the pulpit really possesses more power in this direction than it ever had in the history of the modern drama. One thing is certain—if the stage is left to its own devices, it will become a fruitful source of injury to the moral well being of the nation. —Rev. Thomas P. Hughes in Forum.

Painless Execution.

In Germany the view obtains that the execution of criminals should be by some means more certain than that of the electric chair. Dr. E. Cohnmann, a celebrated chemist, suggests the use of carbolic acid. According to his plan, the criminal would be carried to a cell, which can be filled miserably with our holie acid in gaseous form from floor to ceiling. When the gas reaches the delinquent's mouth and nose it causes instant paralysis of the lungs and consciousness, and life departs without previous pain.

What a person praises is perhaps a surer standard even than what he condemns of his character, information and abilities. No wonder, then, that most people are so shy of praising anything. —Haro.

In 1830 there were in this country 562 lead furnaces, 221 being in the state of Pennsylvania.

Graphite suitable for making lead pencils is found in almost every country on the globe.

THE LAST STRAW.

Three are the letters she sent me—
Sad little speck of ink—
Said her love to content me,
Fifty times over, on pin.

These are my foolish old letters—
All that I wrote her—retained,
Shackled in dusty silk fetters,
Captives condemned to be burned.

Plea for forgiveness or pity,
Questions and tender replies,
Missives inclined to be witty,
Dorcas, and none of them wise.

Stay! Here's a sensible billet.
Ah, this is her ultimate note!
"We have been long enough silly,
Please return all that I wrote."
—Gwendolyn.

THE TRACER.

How He Follows Up Dishonest Purchasers on the Installation Plan.

One of the most important men in the employ of a firm that makes a specialty of selling goods on the installment plan is the "tracer." His duty, as his name signifies, is to find out the whereabouts of delinquent customers, who think to get out of the trouble of future payments by quietly moving away and neglecting to leave their new address.

Nothing could be more foolish than such a course, for this is a feature of the business that the installment houses have reduced to a science. It is obvious that in this city the great majority of those who purchase goods on weekly payments live in flats. This makes it a comparatively easy matter for the dealers to keep them under surveillance, for one of the first things the collector does is to see the janitor and inform him which families in the house have bought goods on the installment plan. It pays to see the janitor for this service, for he is in a position to know when any moving is about to take place, and the information he gives the collector has been the means of snipping in the hand many a would be delinquent who had been paying a furniture bill.

Sometimes, of course, it happens that a dishonest family will move away in such a hurry that the janitor is unable to inform the firm in time. In such an event the "tracer" is put on the case. He sets about his work with the method of the trained detective. He is familiar with the names and addresses of every furniture mover in the city, and his acquaintance among the helpers is so extensive that it is more than likely he has a personal friend among the men who moved the family he is seeking. With such advantages his task is not nearly so hard as the uninitiated would imagine, and there would be fewer attempts made to "beat" the installment dealers if it were better known how little chance a person has to succeed. —New York World.

Ministering to a Quiet Kentucky Flock.

In a pleasant, social little Kentucky town not long ago a new minister arrived. Forwent in his mission against the world, the flesh and the evil one and not duly considering the points of his compass, he delivered from his pulpit the first Sunday a tirade against card playing. On Monday the wealthiest member of his flock called on him and said:

"Oh, dear Brother Parker, your sermon was very wise. You will offend half your people if you talk against cards. We are just a little quiet community all by ourselves here, and we play cards whenever we want to. Don't say anything more about card playing."

So the next Sunday the new preacher launched out on dancing. Again the wealthy member visited him to say that his church people had always danced all they wanted to, and he must not say anything more against dancing. The evil of horse racing was his subject the following Sunday, and this brought the rich member to him in great distress of mind.

"Great goodness, Brother Parker, this is one of the finest horse sections in the state! You are beside yourself when you try to put down horse racing."

"Well," said the dependent preacher, "if you say so I'll have to let these cards alone. Next Sunday I'll abuse the Jews."

Dolances.

The dolances of the Kaffirs and Hottentots used for divination are not our dice, but substitutes for them. Precisely the same things served in the most ancient times for dice, and these are knuckle bones, which, under the name of astragal, children played with in old Greece and Rome. We have today a beautiful antique statue of a girl playing with knuckle bones. The Mashedones use something made of bone which resembles the Roman tali. These dolances do not bear numbers, but peculiar, small raised pictures. Mr. Bent, in his "Trained Cities of Mashonaland," describes these dolances.

When Solid Iron Flows.

Experiments lately made in England show that if a ball of solid iron is lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork the ball at first sinks to the bottom with the fork. But in a few seconds it leaves the prongs and rises to the surface, where it continues to float until it melts. The rising is explained by the expansion of the ball, due to heating, whereby it becomes, bulk for bulk, less dense than the molten metal.

Nemeses.

Nemesis is lame, but she is of colossal stature, and sometimes, while her sword is not yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim totters under the dire clutch. —George Eliot.

The Cydippe, a prehistoric water insect, propels itself with a pair of paddles which both in shape and general appearance closely resemble those in use by garmon.

The Venus fly trap produces juice that to nearly all insects is a deadly poison.

THE BUTTERFLY.

How the Gorgeous Beauty Hurts From His Ugly Outer Shell.

Last summer I noticed a milkweed caterpillar traveling across the piazza floor, evidently in search of his final shelter. We secured him temporarily under a tumbler, but there, to our surprise, he proceeded to spin his little web and hang himself head downward from the bottom of the covering glass in such wise that in the course of two days we saw the whole process of change, even to the splitting of the caterpillar skin and the final wriggle from it that changed him into the most exquisite transparent, nile green chrysalis, buttoned with gold. Toward the end of two weeks this began to grow opaque, and gradually we saw from under it the thorax, antennae, head, wings and abdominal rings in perfect coloring of black and red. One fine morning "the burst" this outer shell of sin and latched himself," not "a chrysalis," but a more tangible aerial creature, though not able to float off at once, as perhaps even chrysalis do not. No; his wings were only as big as dime pieces. "And still the wonder grew" as we watched them grow and unfold under our eyes in breathless amazement, and one at least in reverence and awe. It seemed such a definite change from death into life. It was not so difficult then to imagine a soul freed from its mortal envelope since this marvel could be done.

The little creature, after expanding to its full size, became very sociable, liking to be held on the finger, and after I had once unrolled his proboscis with a pin and guided it to a drop of sugared water quickly learned to find his food and sucked up a drop "in no time."

After a few days he floated out of a carelessly opened window, and I was glad and sympathized, for I, too, longed to try my wings beyond four walls. Milkweed caterpillars are common enough (Danais Archippus, I believe, but cannot verify), and it is a most charming and exciting experiment, especially for an invalid, to try.—Boston Transcript.

"Nativism" in Paris.

The directors of the Paris Grand Opera, in answer to criticisms that, although subsidized, they were producing foreign instead of French works, recently drew up a list by which they showed that during the past 20 years they had mounted 35 operas by Frenchmen and only 6 by foreigners, the two outsiders being Wagner and Verdi. M. Maurel, the Parisian critic, has now carried the statistics back to the beginning of the century.

It seems that the last generation of Frenchmen were not so particular as to the nationality of musicians. From the year 1800 down to the present time the Paris Grand Opera has produced works by 109 French and 83 foreign composers. On the other hand, it appears that only 5,994 performances of French operas have during this period been given, as against 8,149 representations of works by foreign musicians. The French writer laments that his compatriots preferred foreign works, although in fairness it should be said that the list probably includes the operas of Meyerbeer, Rossini and other great masters of a previous generation, who, although not French by birth, were practically Parisian by adoption. —London News.

Usual Reading.

Mrs. Browning says:

By being nervous, even to a book and calculating profits, so much help by so much reading. It is rather when we mostly forget ourselves and plunge into a book, and headlong into a book's perils, and find it for us beauty and salt of truth. Then we get the right good from a book.

It must be remembered that the woman who wrote this was a profound scholar, one who delighted in hard study and who was educated far beyond most women of her day. She was able to "plunge" and "forward" into many books besides sensational novels. The rule does not apply to those who find everything which is not exciting a bore. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Louis Napoleon's Plan.

Sir William Fraser states, in a volume of reminiscences which has just been published, that Napoleon III, while in exile at Chislehurst, planned a plan to restore himself to the throne. A private yacht, of which the late Mr. James Ashbury was owner, had been actually chartered for the purpose of landing the former emperor on the French coast, whence he was to repair in disguise to Chalons, where an army corps was engaged in maneuvers, there show off his incognito and lead the troops into Paris.

An Irresistible Bargain.

Mrs. Newwife—I bought a lovely bottle of medicine today, warranted to cure St. Vitus' dance. I only paid 36 cents for it.

Her Hubby—But neither of us has that disease.

"I know, but it was marked down from 50 cents." —Philadelphia Record.

A Funny Misprint.

One of the most ludicrous announcements that ever appeared perhaps was made by a London newspaper in the latter half of the present century to the effect that Sir Robert Peel "and a party of men" were shooting peasants in Ireland. The words misprinted, of course, were "friends" and "peasants."

The Stylus.

The Roman pen, or stylus, was an iron implement, sharp at one end and like an awl and flat at the other like a paper cutter. It was used for writing on tablets of wood or ivory covered with wax. The sharp end was employed for writing and the flat for erasing or correcting what was written.

How It Happened.

"How did you?" the visitor began, when the ossified man hesitated to say. "How did I get in this condition? Certainly a young woman gave me the marble heart when I was a young man, and it spread." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Scrofula

Appears in a hundred different forms, such as Running Sores, White Swellings, Eruptions, Boils, Pimples, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, etc. The only cure is in making Pure, Rich

Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood and has never been equaled as a cure for Scrofula. Cures considered incurable, and given up by physicians, yield to its wonderful purifying, vitalizing powers. In fact,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. All druggists.

Hood's Pills

are gentle, mild, and effective. All druggists.

ERIE LINES.

Chicago & Erie Railroad.

Time card in effect Feb. 9, 1896.

FROM LIMA, OHIO.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 5 Westbound Limited daily, 10:10 a.m.

" 2 Pacific Express, daily for Chicago, 11:20 a.m.

" 1 Express, daily, except Sunday, 12:40 p.m.

" 21 Local, daily, except Sunday, 7:00 a.m.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 8 Westbound Limited, daily, for New York and Boston, 9:15 a.m.

" 3 Express, daily, except Sunday, for Boston & Columbus, 10:40 a.m.

" 12 Express, daily, for New York & Boston, 11:40 a.m.

" 31 Local, daily, except Sunday, 7:00 a.m.

Trains No. 1 and 2 stop at all stations on Erie & Western lines.

From No. 12 carries through sleeping car to Columbus, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Port Huron, Detroit, Toledo, and Chicago, and to New York & Boston.

Through coaches and sleeping cars to New York and Boston.

W. G. McKenna, Jr., Travel Agent, Lima, Ohio.

Ornamenting

It recently occurred to Tiffany & Co., the New York jewelers, to ornament a bicycle elaborately with gold, silver, and precious stones, believing that some wealthy customer would esteem so handsome a mount. They preferred to pay \$100 each for

Columbia Bicycles

For their purpose to using any other make of wheel. There must be no question of quality in a bicycle selected for such ornamentation. Therefore they chose Columbias.

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Unequaled, Unapproached.

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two cents stamps.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.

Factories and General Offices, Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia is not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

Points on a Point.

A student undergoing a graduation in the principles of mechanics was asked, "Why will not a pin stand on its point?" He returned the following answer:—"In the first place, a point is defined by Euclid as that which has no parts and no magnitude, and how can a pin stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude? In the second place, a pin will not stand on its head; much less, therefore, will it stand on its point. Thirdly and lastly, it will if you stick it in hard enough." —Exchange.

Authors.

Authors may be divided roughly into three groups, the good, the bad and the popular. The first make fun, the second make books, and the third make money. —New York Evening Sun.

Results Tell the Story.

A vast mass of direct, unimpeachable testimony proves beyond any possibility of doubt that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually cures perfectly and permanently cure diseases caused by impure blood. Its record of cures is unequalled and these cures have often been accomplished after all other preparations had failed.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache.

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Kidney Pills

Cure Rheumatism Gout Gravel Anger Pimples Bad Blood Brighten Discoloring Malarial Fevers Kidney Pains Drop y Pain in the Abdomen Frequent Urination Inflammation of Kidneys etc.

Are you a secret sufferer by our own time honored or do your kidneys need Sparagus Juniper Berries Buchu Corn Silk Pareira Brava and Uva Ursi (all Lining Healers) and are certainly being compounded.

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Kidney Pills are endorsed by physicians and druggists presents a box Valuable Book Free

Bald's Medicine Co. Little Rock San Francisco

Simon S. Hartman, of Tunnelton, West Va. has been subject to attacks of colic about once a year, and would have to call a doctor and then suffer for about twelve hours as much as he knows do when they die. He was taken recently just the same as the other blues, and concluded to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy. He says "I took one dose of it and it gave me relief in five minutes. That is more than any thing else has ever done for me" for sale by Melville Brown next to P. O., O. W. Helstor, 83 Public Square

There's a man in Pasadena who has decided that his wife went a little wild in filing a divorce suit — Los Angeles Express

The man who has not invented some kind of an attachment for a bicycle this year is beginning to feel lonesome—*Syracuse Post*.

usual joy of life. This is most flattering, said the emperor. We choose our friends. We cannot choose our relatives.

1. On the basis of the above, the Commission has concluded that the proposed transaction is not a "restructuring" within the meaning of the Code.

The Advantages of Prepared Mince Meat

should be honestly considered by every housewife. It has great advantages, as one trial of

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

will prove. You will find that it is clean—it could not be more so; that it is convenient—always ready and never spoils on the shelf; that it is economical—a 10c. package makes two large pies, fruit, pudding, or delicious fruit cake. Get the genuine—take no substitute.

Send your address, naming this paper, and we will send you free a book, "Mrs. Popkin's Thanksgiving," one of the most popular humorous writers of the day. MICHAEL, SOUTHERN CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DRS. BROOKS AND COLLINS.

Office, rooms Nos. 31, 33 and 35, Opera block, third floor. Easily reached by elevator. Telephone No. 214, of the Lima Telephone Co.

MONEY TO LOAN.

have Eastern money to loan at a very low rate of interest. Why pay 5 and 9 per cent when you can get it so cheap. Call on me before you borrow.

T. K. WILKINS.

Rooms 9 and 10, Opera Block, Second Floor, Lima, Ohio. 9-12-13

MONEY TO LOAN.

have money to loan on good city and country property in sums to suit, at lowest rates and rates of interest. No delay. Give me a call. To making arrangements elsewhere. W. H. WALLACE.

Room 6, Second Floor, Holmes Block.

LOCAL TIME CARD

Time of departure of trains from the Lima depot at Lima. Corrected December 28, 1895.

P. F. W. & O. N. H.

1-Going East, daily, 7:45 a.m.

2-Going East, daily, 8:15 a.m.

3-Going East, daily, 8:45 a.m.

4-Going East, daily, 9:15 a.m.

5-Going East, daily, 9:45 a.m.

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PRETTY WEDDING

Mr. Able Dailey and Miss Della Dalton Married Last Night.

Mr. Able Dailey, of Second street, and Miss Della Dalton, of Holmes avenue, were united in marriage at the home of the latter's parents on Holmes avenue last night.

The wedding was a quiet but pretty affair. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. Baumgardner, of Grace M. E. church, and was witnessed by the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom. The ceremony was followed by the usual congratulations and an elegant supper. Mr. Dailey is a brother of Chas. Dailey, of the central fire department, and is employed in the blacksmith department at the steel works. His bride is a very estimable young lady, and both have the best wishes of many friends extended to them.

They will be at home to friends in a few days at their new residence on Holmes avenue.

THE FENCING MASTER.

An Operatic Event at Pauro's Opera House Next Week.

"The Fencing Master," an operatic production of unusual merit, well known to theatre goers who enjoy a musical performance of superior conception through the glowing press comments it has been accorded wherever presented, will be given a grand representation here next week.

As an opera always attracts the social element, it is a foregone conclusion that this occasion will bring out a large social gathering. "The Fencing Master" is an operatic production of the highest order. Its record of success throughout the country is almost without comparison. At the famous New York "home of light opera," The Casino, its patronage even exceeded that of "Ernani," and at the Holli's street theatre, Boston, the same enthusiasm characterized its reception. Among the ablest critics, the opera, which is now nearing its seven hundredth performance, is considered the master work of Richard De Koven's genius, and Mr. De Koven becoming a genuine American, his countrymen should be proud of this. It is yet a question whether "Robin Hood" and "Rob Roy," his later work will last as long in public favor as "The Fencing Master," which seems to grow in appreciation of the opera patronizing element, rather than to decline as all other light operas have.

The company is headed by Miss Katherine Germaine, and includes Miss Nellie Bergen, Arthur Etherington, Marion Langdon, H. Arthur Leitch, Harry De Lorne, Estelle Venton, Harry Scarborough and a chorus of fifty pupils. The musical directorship is in the very capable hands of Sigor A. Tomasi.

STREET TALK.

The marriage of Mrs. Wm. L. Brice to Mr. Wales, of Chicago, is announced to occur at her home on next Wednesday morning.

Benjamin L. Cox, of Ohio City, was brought here Monday night and placed in care of Sheriff Connor, Monday. Cox and a friend procured a set of boxing gloves and sparring a few rounds just for fun. Cox was disappointed, he became enraged, drew a razor and attempted to slay his opponent. He was arrested and bound over to the court of common pleas in the sum of \$500.—*Times West Bulletin.*

Lima Lodge No. 12, of the "Order of the Red Cross" will be installed this evening at Trammell's Hall, corner Main and Wayne streets. Grand Commander Carler, of Cleveland, and Grand Scribe Williams, of Sandusky, will be present. The lodge will start with about 60 charter members.

Ed Titus, who returned last night from Marysville, where he took John Schmidt for treatment in the Kelly Institute, tells of an amusing incident that occurred at Marysville night before last. The "St. Plunkard" company gave a performance in the opera house and after it was over an aged white haired man appeared to be near the 4 score mark and wore brass buttons and a G. A. R. badge, made his exit from the gallery entrance with a disgusted expression on his face. "That wasn't St. Plunkard," said St. Plunkard, "the old gentleman exclaimed as he looked longingly toward the closed box office as if about to demand the return of his quarter."

A prominent young man who visited Kanton yesterday states that the town has become so dead that an electric battery has been placed on the court house corner so that people may take a shock to see whether or not they are really alive.

A portion of the floor in the central fire department station was torn up to-day and replaced with new planks. Another improvement was made in putting in a drain in the rear part of the station in order that the hose wagon and ladder trucks may be washed off inside the building. Heretofore the rigs have been washed on the sidewalk in front, greatly to the inconvenience of pedestrians going to and from the post office.

Rev. John Helvestine, of Lima, has been for a few days a visitor at the home of his brother-in-law, Edward Kaufman. He is so pleased with our

city that he will move here to reside. He and his wife are both preachers in the Christian church, and have been holding street meetings in Lima, O. They will probably be active in church work here.—*Springfield Republican Times.*

Chas. Darlington, city editor of the *Adrian, Mich., Daily Times*, was in the city yesterday afternoon looking up the prospects for building the C. L. & M. road. The town of Adrian wants the road and also has a proposition from the Lima Northern road but, as now projected, that road will not run as near the business portion of the town as the people desire.

From what Mr. Darlington has been able to learn, he thinks the C. L. & M. will be ironed within the coming year.

ONE CENT A MILE

Will Be the Price Over this Railroad.

A railroad company has been organized at Springfield which will not wait for the Legislature to regulate the price of transportation.

The commissioners have granted a franchise over the National pike to the Springfield-Columbus Gasoline Motor Road Company for the construction and operation of a railroad which will run from Springfield to Columbus. T. D. Hoskins, the inventor of the Hoskins' gasoline motor car, states that work will be commenced at once, and that the fare will be one cent a mile.

SQUEALED

After Going Up Against King Faro For \$170.

George H. Phelps, a Findlay attorney, filed a suit in Justice Atwater's court to-day for \$170. He claims he lost \$170, while intoxicated, at Faro in a place conducted by Jacob Morvillous and C. S. King. Case set for trial next Wednesday.

AMONG THE RAILROADS.

SUIT TO RECOVER LAND.

The United States district attorney has received telegraphic orders from Washington to commence suit against the Central Pacific Railroad company without delay to recover 0.366 acres of land in Butte, Sutter, Tehama, Yuba and Shasta counties, valued at the present time at close upon \$1,000,000. The claim of the government to a portion of the land it seeks to recover is based upon the allegation that it was erroneously patented to the Oregon and California Railway company, a predecessor of the Central Pacific.

NOTES.

Engineer Ruby Peck, of the L. E. & W., is laying off.

Fireman Dave Dennis, of the L. E. & W., has reported for work after a few days vacation.

Y. M. C. A. Basket Ball League.

Last evening teams H and I, Capitatus McKinnay and Churehill, played a very exciting game, although the score was a one sided affair—4 to 0 in favor of I. Each team played 4 games up to last night.

This evening teams A and F, captains Morris and Hughes, play at 8:30. Public invited.

The last ginnasium contest of the season takes place Tuesday, March 3, '96. The opera house orchestra has been engaged and we assure you that a fine musical program will be rendered.

Here is a diamond, here a piece of charcoal. Both carbon; yet between them stands the mightiest of magicians, Nature. The food on your table, and your own body; elemental; the same; yet between the two stands the digestion, the arbiter of growth or decline, life or death.

We cannot make a diamond, we cannot make flesh, blood and bone. No. But by means of the Shaker Digestive Cordial we can enable the stomach to digest food which would otherwise ferment and poison the system. In all forms of dyspepsia and insipient consumption, with weakness, loss of flesh, thin blood, nervous prostration the Cordial is the successful remedy. Taken with food it believes at once. It nourishes, and assists nature to nourish. A trial bottle—enough to show its merit—10 cents.

LAXOL is the best medicine for children. Doctors recommend it in place of Castor Oil.

The Discount Sale now going on at Treat's. 6-01&14 25

Statistics show that thousands of infants and children yearly die of membranous croup. We do not exaggerate when we state that every one of these innocents could have been saved had Foley's Honey and Tar been given them in time. Can you afford to be without it in your household? H. F. Vorkkamp, n. e. cor Main and North streets.

Dunlap Hats on sale next Saturday. Hume, the Hatter, Sole Agent. 14-26

GUILTY, PLEADED ONE

And the Other Ten Said They Were Wrongly Charged.

In Common Pleas Court yesterday afternoon, the following prisoners were arraigned to plead:

Geo. Keifer pleaded guilty to forging two notes of \$75.

Joe. Jones pleaded not guilty to the indictment for assault with intent to rape.

Frank Wilkins, not guilty to cutting with intent to kill and with intent to wound.

F. Johnson pleaded not guilty to bicycle stealing.

John Gray, charged with assaulting Patrick Shea, pleaded not guilty.

Wm. Young pleaded not guilty to larceny.

Harry Williams pleaded not guilty to robbing John Hoover's residence.

Wm. Harding pleaded not guilty to stealing from the Ohio Oil company.

Dave Munnaugh and Glem Storr pleaded not guilty, to stealing sugar from the C. H. & D.

Jos. Klitte pleaded not guilty to adultery.

CRIDERSVILLE NEWS.

Uncle Samuel Spyker has been sick for the last two weeks with asthma.

Mrs. John Mowery is on the sick list.

Daniel Terry has been very sick since last Saturday.

Miss Clara Fisher was home with her parents over Sunday.

Scott Murdock moved to Elgin this week where he has been engaged working in the oil field.

A. S. Baker, of Circleville, has been here for the last week among his many friends. Abe talks of moving here again.

J. W. Kemper, of Lima, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Mowery and son Bert were the guests of Riley Farmer on Wednesday, returning home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nungester, of Lima, were here on Wednesday to attend the funeral of Andy McClinton.

Rev. Ray began his protracted meetings at this place on last Saturday night. The members are full of the spirit, and a good meeting is anticipated.

The Kid Band oyster supper was well attended Saturday night. They cleared about \$30 above all expenses.

OBITUARY.

Andrew McClinton was born Feb. 20th, 1840, and departed this life Feb. 24th, 1896, aged fifty-six years and three days. He leaves a widow, father and mother, one son and two daughters to mourn their loss.

Funeral services were held from the I. O. O. F. church at this place, conducted by Rev. Ray and Mrs. Ida L. Gage. Interment in Bethel cemetery. J. I. C.

OIL AND GAS.

ANOTHER TOLEDO REPORT.

Toledo will be the head center for the distribution of the products of the oil fields of this section.

The Standard Oil company, this is but the beginning of the end.

The Standard has evidently forgiven Toledo its errors of the past and is willing to shake hands and make up. Toledo is to have an immense oil refinery to start with.

Shipbuilders at Toledo, Bay City and other points are now considering plans for a fleet of oil boats that will carry refined oil in bulk to ports on the upper lakes and also to Europe.

A fire was this morning shown the plans for the boats and the information was given that agents of the Standard are now in Toledo, Detroit and Bay City negotiating for the oil barges.

This will be a big thing for Toledo and will place her where she rightly belongs as an oil producing and distributing center.

No location for the proposed refinery has yet been secured.—*Toledo Bee.*

A KANSAS WELL.

INDEPENDENCE, KAS., Feb. 27.—Another big oil well has been struck in this vicinity. The well which the Standard Oil Co. has been putting down between Independence and Havana, yesterday developed into a gusher when it reached a depth of 900 feet.

The oil sand is 50 feet thick, and it is stated that the flow of oil is the strongest that has been reached in the first sand of any well in Kansas. The well will be sunk through two or three more "sands" before shot, when its full capacity can be obtained.

NOTES.

A dry hole was yesterday drilled in about seven miles north of Ada by the Maumee Oil company. The well was plugged and abandoned.

Buried in Woodlawn.

The funeral services of Mrs. Ellen Chapin, wife of city councilman Dexter Chapin, were held from the residence, 512 east Market street, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Bethards, of Trinity M. E. church, and were largely attended. The remains were interred in Woodlawn cemetery.

He's in Jail Now.

Loda Roebuck is now the guest of Sheriff Fisher, having been taken to Lima last night by Marshal Bryan. He will remain there until the small gas quarantined is raised at Dayton when he will take up his residence there for several months. The missing coat and shirts were found yesterday evening by the marshal beneath a lumber pile at Ricker's yard where Roebuck had hidden them.—*Delphos Herald.*

Madja Coffee.

In presenting this brand to the coffee drinking public we wish to impress them with this fact, that Madja is a high grade article made up from selected varieties of the finest drinking qualities, intelligently and scientifically combined—quality always uniform. One trial of this justly popular brand will convince you of its true merit. Do not confound Madja with the ordinary brands of package coffees. Madja, price 30c per pound.

Block Sinks At a Big Discount this week. Come and see them. Treat's, No. 209 north Main street. 6-6&w-25

If You

Want the finest Coffee on the market ask your grocer for Madja.

BUMS, HOBOS AND TRAMPS.

Some Nice Distinctions in the Use of These Terms.

My friend—my warrant for so styling him is based on the fact that he has generally accepted sundry loans from me—was telling of some people he had met. By the way, the conditions under which I met him led me to believe that he knew the gentlemen of whom he spoke, for our acquaintance was formed on a back street at a late hour. His purse had been lost, strayed or stolen, and fortunately I was vouchsafed the privilege of supplying his immediate necessities in the particular of what he jocularly termed "the price." His conversational powers were at their best, notwithstanding a certain murkiness about his voice which I forbode to mention to him. Inadvertently I had alluded to him as a "bum." Now, I intended no insult, but from the subsequent remarks it was forced upon my attention that I had offered one.

"Ye don't want ter call me a bum, see?" he observed. "Ye don't know what a bum is. I'm a hobo. When ye call a hobo a bum, yer takin' chances, see? Why, now if Spring Jack wuz here he'd give ye the strong arm for that. Don't know Spring Jack, eh? Well, ye be a ignorance. Howsomever, that's neither here nor there, as me old from Slim used ter say when he'd been chucked off'n a freight. There's just two kin's of bums 'n thom is town bums 'n shovel bums. Now, a town bum's a fellow as won't work, but bums aroun the town he belongs in. They're a lot of 'em here. A shovel bum will work when he's broke. Thom's the fellows as hangs out in the Wayfarer's lodge.

"A town bum'll sponge on anybody, but a shovel bum won't sponge. He'll work for what he gets. Next is tramps. They travel. They're a big difference 'tween bums 'n tramps. A tramp never washes; he begs at houses instead of hustlin on the street, 'n they're all can gamblers; they get a can 'n smok round back doors of saloons 'n drink the drippin's out of beer kegs. But ye can gamble 'n a hobo's fly. He ain't got no use fer bums 'n tramps. He puts up a good front, bums on the fly, which is hustlin on the street fer the price. He counts himself something 'n don't associate 'th no bums 'n tramps. A hobo hates a shovel bum. He'll throw his grub away 'fore he'll give it ter a shovel bum. Ye see, when a hobo gets down on his luck 'n braces a shovel bum the other fellow calls him down 'n tells him ter go ter work. The hobo allows gets square. A hobo is up 'n comin most of the time. He up ter all the trucks 'n can work a 'jigger' easy. Don't know what a 'jigger' is? Why ye scratch yer arm 'n put some kind of liniment on it, 'n it swells up, 'n then ye show it ter people, 'n they come down with the stuff easy, see? It's a sure thing. Mose hobos is crooks. Some of 'em got up in the business so's they can crack a safe. They're pretty high up thom. A hobo travels all the time. Ye don't never find them in the woodyard. This town has turned out a few good hobos. I've seen their registers. Ye see, a fellow writes him name 'n the direction he's goin, so the other fellows knows where he is. There's Spring Slim, Spring Jack, Spring Rod. This town ain't turned out no onogood crook."—*Springfield Union.*

What It Cost Him.

Mrs. Watts—There! We have cleared off the last of that church debt, and it never cost you men a cent. See what women can do.

Mr. Watts—I don't know about the other fellows, but I know you have made no spend more than \$100 for extra meals down town while you were out monkeying around.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

